

PREFACE

The information included in this volume was obtained during the years 1908-1913 while employed by the Bureau of American Ethnology and on private expeditions. In all cases wherever it was possible the author tried to obtain his information in Winnebago, although the English version is printed here. Owing to the fact that the Winnebago have for some time been accustomed to the use of a syllabic alphabet borrowed from the Sauk and Fox, it was a comparatively easy task to induce them to write down their mythology and, at times, their ceremonies, and then have an interpreter translate them. As the author has a fair command of Winnebago grammar, he was able to control these translations and thus insure their approximate accuracy. On account of the importance of having as accurate a record of the ceremonies as possible, those few ceremonies that were obtained in syllabic text were subsequently taken down in phonetic text.

It has been the aim of the author to separate as definitely as possible his own comments from the actual data obtained, and for that reason every chapter, with the exception of those on history, archaeology, and material culture, is divided into two parts, a discussion of the data and the data itself.

Certain subjects, such as mythology, art, and music, have been entirely omitted. In order to discuss the second a comparative study of woodland art and design would have been necessary, which would have entailed a prolonged study at different museums; and to discuss the latter, specific training and knowledge were demanded, which the author does not possess.

The following monograph does not claim to be a comparative study, but simply as intensive an investigation as the time spent allowed, of an unusually interesting tribe, made under exceptionally propitious conditions. It is principally the raw material that is presented here. Throughout the work, the Indian has been allowed to tell the facts in his own way. For that reason no attempt has been made to change the English, except when it was ungrammatical or unintelligible. This will explain the simple and at times poor English of the accounts.

The work ends rather abruptly because the section on mythology and the general conclusion have been reserved for special treatment.

In conclusion, the author wishes to thank all those Winnebago who helped him since he first came among them. In particular does

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x 796 themselves; and, lastly, the order in which the guests are invited (pls. 80, 87, 88).

x 796 It follows from the above remarks that in order to get a really
121 complete account of the entire ceremony information should be obtained from each clan. The account given by any one clan will only contain the origin myth and the songs belonging to the war bundle of that clan, for although it is part of the ceremony to relate the origin myths of the various war bundles and sing the specific songs connected with them, no individual would take it upon himself to tell any but those relating to the war bundle of his own clan. Thus it will be seen that any single account is defective in some rather important particulars.

ANALYTICAL PRESENTATION OF THE CEREMONY

x 796 The ceremony falls into three well-defined parts: I, the Sweat Lodge; II, the First Division, generally known either as the Feast in honor of Earthmaker or the Feast in honor of the Thunderbirds; and III, the Second Division, known as the Feast in honor of the Night Spirits.

[782] There is little to be said about the Sweat Lodge, for it consists exclusively of offerings of tobacco and prayers to the spirits, on the part of the one giving the ceremony, whom we will call the host.

The first division can be divided into the following component elements: (1) The preparation of the buckskins; (2) the dog sacrifice; (3) the filling of the ceremonial pipe and the smoking ritual; (4) the tobacco offering to the spirits; (5) the buckskin offerings to the spirits; (6) the feast; (7) the fast-eating contest; and (8) the basic ritual.

The second division can be divided into the following component elements: (4) The tobacco offering to the spirits; (9) the throwing out of the buckskins; (6) the feast; (10) the episode of the "Night-creased" warrior; (11) the terminal dog-ritual; and (8) the basic ritual.

[887] (1) *The preparation of the buckskins.*—The buckskins, made as white as possible by old women, are taken into the lodge by the host and there marked in the manner prescribed for each spirit. They are then tied to a framework and rolled to the top of this frame.

[782] (2) *The dog sacrifice.*—The dog is strangled and a pouch of tobacco
825 is tied to each limb, and another pouch and red feathers are tied around his neck. The body is then laid in front of the war bundle, facing south, this being the direction in which Disease-giver, the spirit to whom the dog is specially sacrificed, lives.

[776] Before strangling, a short speech is addressed to the dog in which the slayer apologizes for killing him, and assures him that in the

CULTURAL CHANGE AMONG THE

WISCONSIN WINNEBAGO

Nancy Oestreich

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121 Cultural change is one of the outstanding factors in the life
 178 of the Winnebago today. It is important to mention at the
 outset, however, that the following article does not purport to
 trace the long history of cultural change among the Winneba-
 go, nor does it have any claim as a complete analysis; but, be-
 cause of space limitations, it will serve merely as a passing
 observation of cultural change in a particular Indian group.
 [114] The study is based primarily on observation of one small group
 of Winnebago during a period of five weeks. None the less,
 these data seem to comprise a fairly, though far from com-
 pletely representative sample with which to work.

101 The Indians observed were family groups from almost all
 121 of the Winnebago communities scattered throughout the cen-
 tral part of the state. Our group, consisting of some 45 fam-
 ilies, was predominately one of Wisconsin Winnebago, but al-
 so included three Winnebago families from Nebraska and one
 family each of the Chippewa, Menomini and Potawatomi
 tribes. The presence of these minorities within the larger
 group of Wisconsin Winnebago offered an interesting study
 of inter-land and intra-tribal contrasts.

121 The Wisconsin Winnebago prefer to live more or less in-
 619 dependently in their native territory, Wisconsin, rather than
 [65] join their friends and relatives on the Winnebago reservation
 [574] located, by a whim of the government, in Nebraska. There
 is, however, a constant exchange of visits between the two
 groups.

221 In Wisconsin many of the Winnebago earn a living
 in the winter by trapping for the fur market, and in the sum-
 mer by following various Wisconsin crops. The harvesting
 begins in the spring with the strawberry season, and ends in
 the fall with the gathering of cranberries.

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For most individuals the American Indian still possesses a tremendous appeal, an appeal which, in a manner, constitutes one of the great obstacles to our properly understanding him. It has been that way since the days of the discovery of the continent. Then it was the gold and the pearls that exercised a magical fascination; to-day it is the belief that somehow, in some way, the Indians are still living in that delightful half-Arcadian condition of simplicity after which so many souls, still yearn, particularly those individuals who dwell in the city. Nothing is gained by calling these people sentimentalists. We should always remember that from the time Spanish chroniclers began writing their accounts of El Dorado and the quaint peoples with the still quainter customs who dwelt there, the Indian has been a symbol for youth and freedom of expression, for freedom from the shackles of civilized constraint. Like Siegfried he knew the language of the birds and patted Nature kindly on the back. A vast literature has grown up on this symbolism of the Indian, particularly in France.

It seems almost sacrilege to trifle with this vision or to question it, and the first result of a so-called scientific inquiry is bound to leave a very bad sensation of

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114 nightmare. That is, of course, the terrible price all
121 sentimentalists must pay for the undiluted pleasure
they have had of rocking themselves into a fictitious
bliss from which they are to be rudely and uncere-
moniously awakened. Yet this seems to me exceedingly
bad sportsmanship, to say the least, and an exceedingly
erroneous conception of romance. There is, in fact,
infinitely more romance—if it is romance we are seek-
ing, and most of us are—in trying to obtain an approxi-
mately accurate account of what this Indian of our
childhood imagination actually is, how he thinks, feels,
reacts, adapts himself to the varying conditions of life,
than in rehearsing all the scenes of Chateaubriand and
Cooper.

But having set ourselves this task of discovering
what the real Indian is like, we are immediately sur-
rounded by difficulties. One of the greatest drawbacks
in the study of a primitive people is, in fact, the diffi-
culty of obtaining an inside view of their culture from
their own lips and by their own initiative. Let no
investigator flatter himself: a native informant is at
best interested in merely satisfying the demands of the
investigator. The limitations thus imposed as regards
the nature and the extent of the knowledge obtained
are still further increased by the circumstances in which
the knowledge is generally imparted, circumstances of a
nature tending to destroy practically all the subjective
values associated with the particular ritual, myth, etc.,
that is being narrated.

How can this fundamental defect be remedied?

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There is only one way—to have a native himself give the account in his own mother tongue. The problem then resolves itself into finding the native. That is the task I set myself and through a piece of good luck I succeeded in accomplishing it. As the manner of its accomplishment is an interesting and illuminating story in itself, I hope I shall be excused for telling it in some detail.

In the year 1909 I commenced field investigations among the Winnebago Indians living on the Nebraska side of the Missouri River, about twenty-five miles south of Sioux City, Iowa. These Indians had the reputation of being fairly conservative. Perhaps the fact that a Presbyterian mission had in seventeen years succeeded in converting only one family, and a family which then unkindly died without leaving issue, may bear this out.

Among these Indians there lived a family named Blow Snake, consisting of a father and a fair number of children all grown up. Two of these were men quite well known in the tribe for a variety of reasons. These two became my principal informants. They had lived the most exciting of lives, for to the usual round of adventures that fall to the lot of most Indians of that region now, they had added a murder and a conversion, the murder first and the conversion afterwards. The older of the two seemed to be by far the more gifted. His memory was simply prodigious. He recounted to me a ceremony which took him two months, working practically six hours a day, to tell

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me. But what is more to the point here is that he³
wove my presence among the Winnebago just then, into
the whole fabric of his life. I was the preordained one
who had sensed what was the proper time to come to
the Winnebago, and this legend he diligently disseminated
among all his relatives and subsequently embodied
in certain autobiographical sketches I obtained
from him. It was from him that I obtained a short
sketch of reminiscences which, short as they were, threw
more light on the real Indian than any of the more
elaborate things I had collected in the usual external
fashion which is the pride of scientific procedure among
ethnologists.

- It was from the perusal of these "reminiscences" that
[121] the idea developed within me of getting a real autobiography, and having heard vaguely of the adventures and tribulations of Crashing Thunder, the younger brother of the family, which seemed to bear all the earmarks of a true rake's progress, I approached him about the matter, to receive a meaningless affirmative reply. For three years he eluded me on one pretext or another until temporary poverty induced him to
[122] consent to write down in a syllabary now in use among the Winnebago the fascinating tale of his life. I remember very well how worried he was after he had finally consented. After writing the first part he came to me at midnight, in a very nervous condition, saying that he did not care to proceed because what he had to say would not look nice if white people subsequently read it. When his fears were appeased he continued

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³ [i.e., the informant, see P. 116, Cat. III - Analyst]

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THE common-sense man, the man in the street, has always been good-naturedly skeptical of the academically trained scholar, particularly when the latter chose to discuss the subject of man and his moods and to make generalizations concerning phases of life and thought that, from the very nature of the case, he could only remotely understand. The glamour that for so long a time hung about the educated man and his unlimited capacity for understanding everything has slowly but surely evaporated in the last generation. We are all now quite willing to admit that the economist and the sociologist, the psychologist and the historian are capable of making—and do frequently make—the most ludicrous and appalling mistakes as soon as they find themselves compelled to deal with man himself in all his vagaries, his inconsistencies, and his lack of direction. Perhaps it is this more than any other single factor that has led to the popular characterization of history as a pleasant, amiable, but wholly imaginative record of man as he never existed. We can fill our libraries and public archives with as many details as we wish and yet in no way improve on the situation or alter the fundamental distortion and ludicrousness of the average presentation of history. The real man, man as

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114 he actually is, will never be revealed to us in this
121 manner.

There is nothing new in this criticism. Most of us have always suspected that such was the case, and have, as a corrective, instinctively sought refuge in the letters and autobiographies of men of their time. But letters and autobiographies written by citizens of such complicated civilizations as are those of our own time, in their turn, represent most frequently, conscious or at best unconscious distortions of the people who wrote them. Our notions of convention and propriety effectually bar any true revelation. No man who regards his thoughts, feelings, and actions of sufficient importance for him to note them down in a diary or an autobiography, ever admits to himself or to the world for whom he is writing that his life has not been a unified whole or that it did not gradually lead to a proper and early heralded climax. Can any one picture to himself a man, in our civilization, writing an autobiography in which he frankly admitted that his life had ended in an anticlimax or that he had throughout been but a reed driven the way the wind listeth? And yet many of us, be it confessed, are so driven, even some of those who write autobiographies.

121 The value and significance of the autobiography that
* 159 follows does not simply lie in the fact that it is a document absolutely unique of its kind—the only account that has ever been obtained from a so-called “primitive” man—but in the fact that this particular individual took his task literally and attempted to give an abso-

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lutely and bewilderingly honest account of his life. He 121
 apparently proceeded from an assumption, strange to us, 159*
 that however damaging to a man's reputation his actions
 and thoughts may have been, no amount of blinking
 can possibly do away with them. Now this American
 Indian did something, in its way, even more remark-
 able: he never confused his reputation or his own ex-
 planations of himself with his real self. He did not,
 for a moment, fall into the error of the writers of most
 of our own *Confessions*. No, he most emphatically does
 not beat his breast and cry, "Father, I have sinned,"
 or exclaim, on the other hand, "Look how wicked I
 have been!" Far from it. Apology is the very last
 thing he has in mind. At all times he accepts and
 approves of himself. We are taken into his confidence
 on the very first page. There he informs us in the most
 matter-of-fact manner that shortly before he was born
 his mother had been told by a very prominent member
 of the tribe that she was about to give birth to a man
 of no ordinary importance! Had he been as uncon-
 sciously dishonest as the heroes of most of our auto-
 biographies he would have made this the theme of his
 life and he would have attempted to prove or disprove
 this prophecy.

He does nothing of the kind. When he was but a
 small boy, so he tells us, he heard what had been
 prophesied about him. He accepts and tries to impress
 the world around him with its truth, but he sees no
 reason for dwelling upon it to the utter exclusion of all
 the other pertinent facts about his life. This is all the

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● 121
* 159 more remarkable in view of the fact that he was a somewhat unusual man both in character and in intellect. Few people in any community, civilized or uncivilized, have ever had so full an experience with life in all its ramifications. Benvenuto Cellini's life was drab in comparison. Yet no man has ever so successfully refrained from dramatizing these experiences in the interest of an imaginary audience as did this untutored "savage." He never forgets what the actual facts were. At the most tense moment of his life, when he has unwittingly become converted to a new religion and seen visions of the most beatific kind, he refuses to dramatize, and allows a most gloriously opportune moment to sink into an uninteresting anticlimax merely because it happened to be an anticlimax.

The rhythm of his life, like that of the generality of mankind, was a succession of climaxes and anticlimaxes, and so he portrays it. He began his life with a lie and it was rounded by murder and a conversion. Much of it was spent in sexual debauch and in drunkenness. Pleasures and intense sufferings were also his. His favorite brother is killed, murdered. He longs for revenge and in despair desires death. Like so many people before and after him he seeks forgetfulness in the cup. Yet he has the amazing and disconcerting honesty to admit that after a while he got so fond of drinking that he forgot all about his primary object.

He gets delirium tremens and shares with Burns the rare good fortune of seeing ghosts drunk. But his ghosts are more terrifying. They are the ghosts of men

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whom he had known very well and they are on horseback singing a song with a very old theme: "We all must die some time: so what value is there to anything." 121
159*

Upon becoming sober he finds that he has added one more experience to his already rich store: he has become a poet and his song a favorite drinking song. Subsequently, at his conversion, he sees God, identifies himself with God, with the soul and with thought itself. He reaches the startling philosophical conclusion—proceeding from one deduction to another—that he is his thought and from this again he draws the perfectly logical inference that, though still living, his corporeal affairs are over. When he recovers from his hallucination he continues as though nothing had happened. He does not become insane nor does he confuse his hallucination with reality.

As a child he was markedly non-suggestible and he afterwards passes successively from the rôle of a man about town to that of a pimp, a thief, a murderer, and a coward, finally to develop into an excellent philosopher and something of a moralist. And yet he always feels himself the same, no better or worse at the end than at the beginning. He passes no judgment, he makes no evaluations on what he has done. In his own eyes he is no better when he finally succeeds in living up to a certain standard of self-restraint that would have made him a hero in any standard European biography than he was when, to save himself from imprisonment he, in the most selfish fashion conceivable, be-

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• 121 trays his companions who had participated in a murder
* 159 which he had planned and for which he got all the
glory. The question of good and bad simply does not
present itself to him, because the task he had set him-
self did not entail the passing of judgments but the
giving of as an accurate account of his life as was
possible for him to give.

It would be both incorrect and stupid to imagine that
he was either morally blunted or unintelligent or that
he did not have many of those half-mystical strivings
that so many of us have. All his life, in fact, can be
said to have been spent in the search of an experience
which his marked non-suggestibility when a child pre-
vented him from then obtaining. The fundamental
religious experience of every member of the tribe to
[187] which he belonged was obtained in early youth. It
consisted of fasting, of retiring at night to some lonely
and inaccessible spot where one could commune un-
disturbed with the deities. Most youths got it. It
was something of a disgrace not to. Yet he did not.
In spite of his dishonestly persuading his father that
he had been properly blessed, he never deluded himself
about the matter. He always felt the stigma attached
to his failure to experience what all the others had
obtained, and in his inconsistent fashion he tried to
find some substitute. When he finally got the experi-
ence he had been seeking, although it had come to him
in the most devious and unexpected manner, he recog-
nized it at once, was satisfied, and became a good man,
even from the normal Christian standpoint.

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A man to whom this could have happened was clearly not blunted either spiritually or morally. He was merely true to the task he had voluntarily imposed upon himself when he decided to write an account of his life, when he refused to see running through it a purpose from which he had never deviated and which had blotted out everything else. His final conversion and spiritual and moral regeneration are consequently to him neither a reaction against his vices nor the ending of a long continued inward search. It is just an incident happening to come last.

Here is a theme out of which a dozen heroes could have been forged. Our author, however, makes no pretense at being one. He consistently and objectively pictures himself as never rising superior to any situation, not even toward the end. Wherever in life there was any temptation to which he could succumb, he succumbed to it. Even at the turning-point of his life, before he eats the medicine that is to lead to his conversion, he frankly and acutely observes, "I thought I was fooling them and they thought they were converting me!" Life and his own emotions and moods buffeted him about incessantly and no consistent direction is anywhere visible. What neither life nor his own nature could do, however, was to delude him into believing that he was any other than what he was, or that he had had an experience when he knew he had not had it.

Herein lies the fundamental value of this document for all those who are interested in the *comédie humaine*,

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• 121 whether professionally or unprofessionally. Here is a
* 159 man with an unusual capacity for articulate expression
and fortunately free from our traditional conventions
and proprieties, setting before himself the task of
pleasing a sympathetic white man by writing down for
him what he regarded as significant and important in
his life. What facts is he going to select? Is he going
to begin with the last act and work backwards, that is,
is he going to attempt to show how all the experiences
in his life have led to the crowning achievement of his
forty-fifth year? As we have pointed out, he had ample
reasons for so considering it, for he did obtain at the
age of forty-five that experience he had missed in his
youth. But he is too good a psychologist to humbug
himself into any such belief.

Accordingly he begins with the beginning. He de-
scribes his birth with meticulous care, and he does the
same for his early childhood and the formation of
certain personal habits which for us seem trivial, such
as how he acquired the habit of eating fast or how he
acquired the habit of taking the blanket away from
people with whom he slept. His life to him means
something very specific, and he describes the significant
stirrings of early childhood and youth with an insight
and accuracy that would do justice to the finest psycho-
logical novelist. He indicates the precise time when
he began to have memory of things and afterwards the
first stirrings of sex. He very delightfully states when
the desire arose within him of "making himself pleasing
to the opposite sex." From the beginning, as I have

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repeatedly pointed out, he shows an unusual insistence in separating what he has actually experienced from what he should have experienced. We saw above that when he failed to get into *rapport* with the spirits during his youthful fasting, he states so unhesitatingly, although he strove hard to obtain the desired communion with the deities. Not strong-charactered enough to admit his failure, he deceives his parents. In the same way he confesses to being anything but a success with the girls in his early days. Here again, however, he cannot resist the temptation of pretending to be very successful.

Psychologically and humanly, what is so interesting here is not so much the fact that he knows the difference between truth and desirable social fiction, but that he never becomes a cynic. He escapes this because there is nothing he is hiding, and cynicism therefore is quite unnecessary. He needs no defense mechanism. He is giving a description of his life and it so happened that in his life, owing to certain weaknesses in his character, outwardly pretense had to rule over truth. Due, however, to his inward honesty, it never did. How, in fact, he managed not to confuse the two more than he did is somewhat of a mystery to me. It bespeaks a man with many facets to his personality and at the same time a personality which itself was markedly unintegrated. It is to this same multiple personality that we shall have to ascribe also his amazing faculty for living himself into the particular period of life which he is at the moment describing. Although he

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●121 wrote down the autobiography when he was a staunch
*159 adherent of a new religious sect which had definitely
broken with the old cultural background, this in no
way interfered with the accuracy and the sympathetic
penetration with which he described the old back-
ground. Never does he forget himself and inveigh
against it. When he describes his childhood he is a
child, his youth a youth, the Medicine Dance a member
of that fraternity, and finally when he describes the
new religion it is as a staunch adherent. Everything in
its proper place and time.

Thus he passes through life, or, better, life passes
through him—lying, boasting, swaggering, stealing,
murdering, fornicating, interpreting dreams in the most
approved Jungian fashion, and finally philosophizing
and adding a new proof of the truth of the Trinity—
consistently lying to the world about him and never
lying to himself. Always very kind, he was throughout
life unable to resist the appeal of his kindred, par-
ticularly of the more immediate members of his family.
He ends his account fittingly and in the most approved
style of Voltaire. He, too, like *Candide*, was going to
settle down. He was happy and his wife had a new
baby.

All we have thus far discussed relates directly to the
personal and human implications of this amazing revela-
tion of a "child of nature." But there are other aspects
just as important. Its value as an ethnological and
psychological document need not be stressed, for that
is apparent at every turn. It seems to me, however

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that its significance for the student of religions and religious psychology cannot be placed too high. 121●
Whether he has made a correct analysis or not, he here 159*
gives us his version of his conversion with the most remarkable detail. We see his struggle, the reasons for his resistance and the strong urge to please his family, and finally we see his conversion in all the completeness and absoluteness of a revelation.

In conclusion may I hope that this document, be- 121
cause of its authenticity and its freedom from all outside influence, will play its rôle in dissipating once and for all the erroneous notion that still persists—that primitive peoples are incapable of an objective and analytical presentation of facts, that they can draw no clear line between truth and illusion, between hallucination and phantasy-dreaming on the one hand, and the objective world on the other.

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If Hare succeeds, it is because all his antecedents fit him better for the task. In the original Hare cycle he is born of a human woman and brought up by grandmother Earth herself. Although, at the beginning, his benefactions to mankind are all accidental, they do, at the end, give man the complete quota of his needs. It was comparatively easy to transform him into a hero without blemish. His one fault is demanding too much for man.

It is at this point that the problem of order versus disorder again presents itself. Not content with destroying evil on earth Hare demands immortality for his uncles and his nieces. Thus, like the Twins, he disrupts the world order through excess of constructive powers. But the difference between the Twins and Hare is that the former do it out of a kind of power drive while Hare does it in the supposed interests of man.

According to the story Hare, of course, fails. So obstinately, however, does he refuse to accept the inevitable that Earthmaker consents to an apparent revision of the world order in one respect. He will grant man the possibility of transcending death, by means of successive reincarnations, on condition that he agrees to face life and its vicissitudes in accordance with a specific ethical code. This is, of course, the theme of the Medicine Rite. For man, then, an exception to the law of birth, growth and death is permitted to this extent—he can repeat the cycle of birth, growth and decay an indefinite number of times.

But it is naturally in religion and ritualism that we must expect to find the best illustrations of the basic principles we have so far discussed in connection with social organization and mythology and to these we shall now turn.

4. RELIGION

105 Because of the highly complex character of Winnebago religion I
121 shall confine myself primarily to an analysis of the nature of the
171 powers the spirits and deities are supposed to possess, the relationship postulated between them and man, and the requests man makes

to them. To understand properly these three problems we must, at ¹⁰⁵
the outset, try to distinguish between the layman's and the priest's ¹²¹
conception, between the exoteric and the esoteric viewpoint al- ⁷⁷¹
though, to be sure, the two are never mutually exclusive.

For the ordinary man, the lay Winnebago, the primary powers of ¹⁰⁵
the vast majority of the deities have always inhered in the deities ⁷⁷¹
themselves. They are their own possessions and have not been be- ⁷⁷⁶
stowed upon them from without. Moreover these powers relate to
the actual natural functions these deities perform. The prayers of ^[782]
man to the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Night-spirits, the Thunder-
birds, etc. are, primarily, that they continue their functions and do
not deviate from them. But man recognizes that they also have
secondary functions, that, for instance, the sun, the morning and
evenings stars, the thunderbirds, the night-spirits, all possess the
power to give man long life and victory on the warpath; that the
grizzly bear spirits have curative powers to bestow upon him and
the waterspirits have special powers in connection with death-
dealing medicines, etc. This socialization of the spirits and deities
brings them that much closer to man. By bringing them this much
closer to man they are deprived, however, of something of their
independence and freedom of action. They have now become more
specifically oriented toward mankind than toward their functioning
in the universe at large. This change in orientation did not come
about mechanically or accidentally. It represents the priest-thinker's
conception, his attempt to establish linkages and meaningful rela-
tionships between men and the world of spirits. This attempt, from
the nature of things, can never completely succeed for the simple
reason that the primary functions of most of the nature gods—and
they are the important ones—cannot be eliminated, must, in fact,
not be eliminated. In the case, however, of animal deities, their older
primary functions can be attenuated to a very marked extent and
deities can be developed who never possessed functions other than
those we have designated as secondary, that is, deities who function
only in relation to man.

Since the nature gods, however, were the great gods, they served
as patterns for all the others and the marked split in their orienta-